
WHITE
FLOWERS
POEMS OF
MANAN DAS

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A collection of English poems

By

MANAN DAS

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Dedicated to my father and mother:

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CONTENT

Preface

White flowers (White flowers are waiting) 6

Love

Waiting (You utter, wait, wait) 8

Yet (You are in dense of my heart) 9

If (I send SMS to you) 10

Come in rains (As rains bathe trees) 11

If you come nearby (No excellence cause) 12

I shall not go again (In my dream) 13

Not mirage (Days are passing) 14

Alone in desert (Whereinsoever you stay) 15

Stairs of rainbow (After a long period) 16

You may come (I do not come) 17

DEVOTION

Sow (I have kept my breast open) 19

Lying on a boat (Stay on my breast) 20

You (In a very little water) 21

NATURE

Rain has come (Rain has come) 23

Sanderella (Collect alluvium) 24

The fosterers (The river, I have not seen 25

The river and the moon (River flows…) 26

It is the time (It is the time of preparation) 27

LIFE

You will remind (One or other to be in prayer) 29

Awaiting (Sometimes I feel) 30

Life and death (Scatter my roots) 31

The black soil (Soil was remain hidden) 32

The street dog (Nobody told him, yet) 33

The crow (In unblemished moonlight) 35

Binding (Even with ten wings) 36

Illusive life (Illusion has penetrated) 37

Myself and my shadow (In front of me) 38

Open the dilapidated manuscript (In each step) 39

Collage (Hundreds of tore pictures are pasted) 40

Joy is traceless (For a long time) 41

Blood in darkness (Flows in darkness) 42

The last journey (At the time of my death) 43

Preface

White flowers

White flowers are waiting
For your color
As you like
Except black shower

White flowers are waiting
With essence in their breast
To give you happiness or sorrow
Blooming in their nest

White flowers are waiting
To welcome in their garden
You may come or not
There is no burden.


love

Waiting

You utter
Wait, wait, and wait
Far away lingering your voice
Still I harken you
I feel I feel I feel
It is not vain waiting

I wait for the moment
The moment when we meet again
I wait for the moment
The moment when we walk in rains
The one umbrella we walk under
We talk
The voice too low for the moment

I wait for the moment when we gain again.

Yet

You are in dense of my heart
As oyster stays under the sea
And pearls grows in it

Pearls matures day by day
Brightens more and more
Then...one day...
The pearl is the cause of its death

I know...
One day... in this way...
My love will be the cause...
Yet...

If

I send SMS to you:
How long I do not see you...
How long I do not meet you...
And I expect, expect for your answer
Mobile tinkle ...messages come
I see with eagerness, see messages:
Ad of songs, or radio, or lottery
Or matrimony.com with special discount
I feel sorrow.

You like to ramble in shopping mall
You like to suck ice-cream
Sitting on the stairs of Rabindra Sada Auditorium
You like to gossiped
Sometimes you like to sit silently
On the chair of Esplanade Metro station
To hear songs on mobile phone
You also like to send SMS

I move in shopping mall by oneself
I take ice-cream by one
I look paintings in Academy by oneself
Or sit on the chair of metro station
I also send SMS by oneself:
How long I do not see you...and expect...if...

Come in rains

As rains bathe trees
can I do like that to you?
Madding with infinite suggestiveness
from mild to intense
how much his prosody, rhythm and
musical modulation!
How much diversity of caress and joy!

Let's stand under rains
with touch of mingle waves of my fingers
I shall bathe you
Come at dual-bath in this full monsoon
Come in rains.

If you come nearby

No excellence cause, yet, if you come near-by
There is sound of waterfall in my breast, or,
A herd of deer run swiftly
Inside the land of my bosom…

No excellent cause, yet, if you come near-by
The shadow of watery clouds surrounds
And bow at the end of thirsty earth…

Some day we each other hand in hand
Float with the wind…
Some day we each other keep eyes on eyes
Fill our heart with nectar of delight…
No excellence cause, yet,
If I want to utter all these
A river agitates my heart
And all my utterance drifts away
With the wave of the stream.

I shall not go again

In my dream
I shall not go to that long balcony
again…
You stood at the far end
I desire to come near
But distance gradually increased

I saw end of your long cloth
Flutter in the air…
I saw air ruffle your hair…
Keep your hand on a column you stood
Like an astonishing statue…
I saw…
Gradually I sank in darkness
Gradually darkness devour you
Sinking slowly I heard
Sound of roaring of Dark Ocean…

Not mirage

Days are passing...
Crossing rugged desert, Hills of sands…
Walk with dragging feet…
Choked with thirst up to the throat …

Love is oasis between…
The pleasant affectionate shade

Do all travelers get trace of oasis?
It is better not to get
Than to see mirage

If you can't to be oasis, not be mirage

Alone in desert

Whereinsoever you stay
Write a letter
Listen; here is no tree behind me
to give me shade
Or a stream nearby
to whom I may walk step by step
to get a delightful bath

Whereinsoever you stay
Write a letter
Oh forest...sea...mountain...Flowing River...

Stairs of rainbow

After a long period
Suddenly when I meet
With a friend of adolescence
Remember the days of
catching of butterfly…

After a long period
When I walk on a solitary path
Where I gossiped with my lover
In the days of new youth
Fall of surrounding feathers of birds

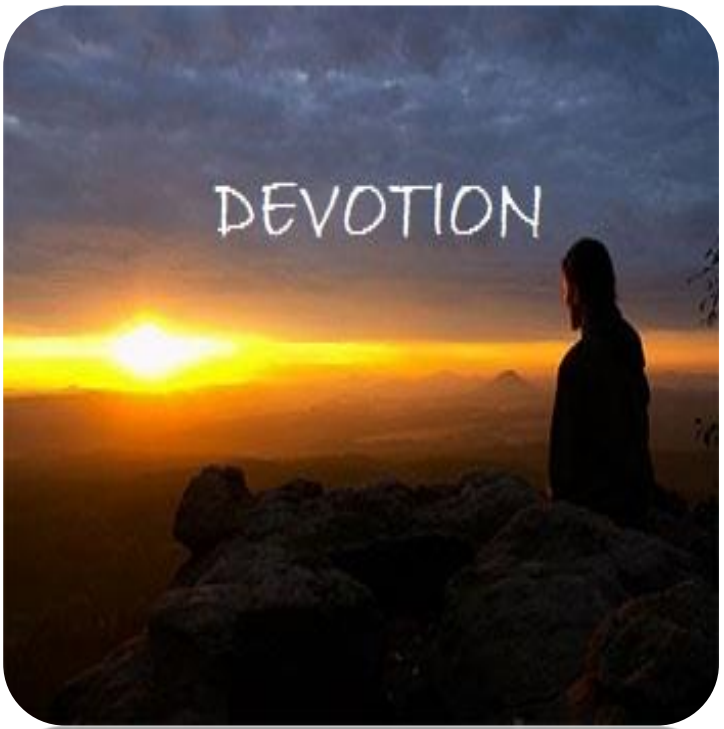
Then I think
Open very cautiously
The pages of fairy tales
Going on one's round
To my conquered kingdoms
By riding on horse…
Sit on bended knees
Keep my palms on stairs of rainbow

You may come

I do not come
I do not go
I stay here
without any flow.
I have a shade
I have some drink
I have some food, and
enough time to think.

I have some plant
in a careless garden
they give me some flowers
There is no burden.
I pluck the flowers
Give some to my gods
keep some on my table
where poems form pods.

You may come here
with poems and songs
we shall sing together
forgive all wrongs.


DEVOTION

Sow

I have kept my breast open submissively
You will sow seeds
With stream of sunshine, rains and air
Grow up similarly crops and weeds
Someone get care other one inattention.

I have kept my breast open submissively
The rocky, gravelly and hard breast
It is not proper field for germination
If you can't scatter seeds of crops
Scatter seeds of weeds, if I can awake them
Life-strength of weeds is enormous
Sand unbroken
It will give me significance.

Lying on a boat

Stay on my breast like covering of boat
The river flows under with eternal pleaser
Not sun, but warmth of sun surrounds
Not rain, but impassion of rain occur.

Not in touch, yet touching
at a small distance from shore
 and little close to skyline
In the day, in the night
In darkness, in moonlight
Your existence mingle
With perception of life.

You

In a very little water easily reflects infinite sky
With touch of endless sunshine laugh
Small flowers of grasses
Collecting a drop of extract from vast earth
Lives trifling herb
A small oyster, keep it with care the shore less sea.

Imperceptible, yet how much inevitable endless air!
Acquiring breath how it fulfill hope of life!
In this way with earnest wishes you give unending gifts
In this way in small lives you fill essence of life.


NATURE

Rain has come

Rain has come
The curtains of clouds is swinging outside
Open the door between in and out
I shall go outside

Chocked voice trees speak now
Feel their cheerful voices
Happy trees…who have no in or out
Open the door, their delighted tones
Are calling me
Winds are busy…as rain has come
Winds have now many works
Now clouds, trees and winds
Raise joy from depth of earth
Let me go…

Sanderella

Collect alluvium and built-up sandy land
On your own breast
Oh my river! Oh my quiet stream river!
Confine yourself in your own confine
Water-grasses grow-up,
Stealthily suck your life and life.

Lies on side the decayed boat for a long time
For a long time didn't come any boatman or goers
Children of wind only flatter golden sand
They sing
Sing In a low and indistinct tone
With clapping of joy.

The Fosterers

The river, I have not seen her
fountain head to estuary – anything
though after my birth
my mother sanctified me
with sprinkling her holy water.

That vast tree, I have not seen
His childhood, adolescence, or youth
though in my boyhood
I played under his shade
Picked up joy and pleasure
Day after day.

That river...that tree...
The thousands of fosterers
Like that river and tree
overwhelmed me with sorrow...
Nothing I have seen...
The first morning...the birth of the Earth...

The river and the wind

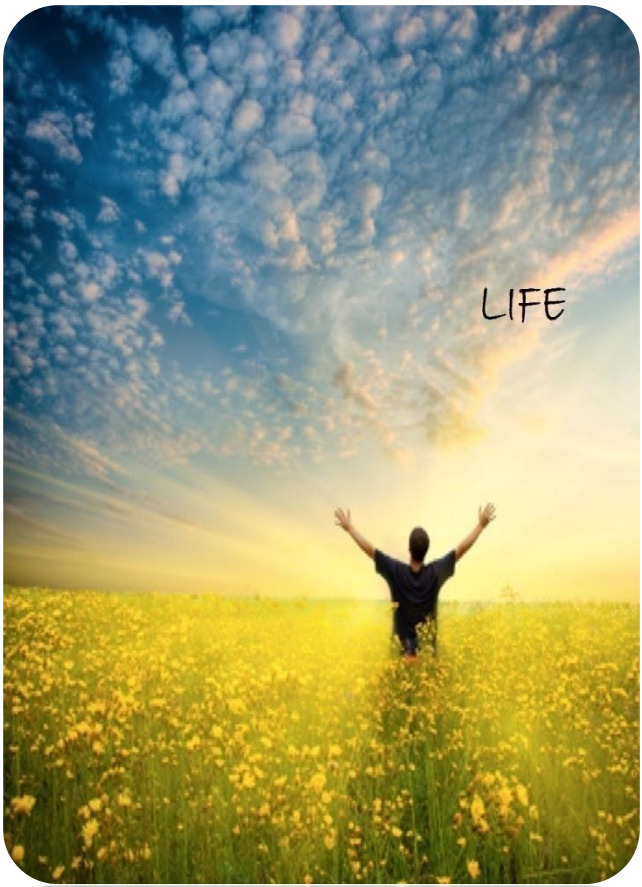
River flows...
On the breast of the river flows
a river of wind
With same rhythm...variegated method...
and with full of joy...
They have some mental disposition
Pleasant wind touches her intimately
She shivers
When his affection becomes little high
River trembles
And
When wind becomes tempest
River is destroyer with monstrous waves

River flows...
On the breast of the river wind flows with...

It is the time

It is the time of preparation
Plough the field
Pulverize the soil with absolute care
Rain is coming…
Rain is coming…
The rain is coming…

You do not know the mystery of germination
From a seed you will create a tree -
You are not so powerful
Only you can sow
Then who embellishes all the next?
Pulverize the soil with absolute care
Sow the seeds
Rain is coming…the rains


LIFE

You will remind

One or other to be in prayer
always for rain
And
In this way an endless prayer
Surround over the Earth.

You will remind for prayer of peace
with whom you meet, you will remind
Birds do not forget the songs of dawn
and in every moment at or in some places
there is dawn

now, the sound of weapons
Scatter over air
excessively.

Awaiting

Sometimes I feel
An explosion will occur
As explosion occur in a bud of lotus
Then
Spread hundreds of petals
In virtuous air… spread sweet smell…

Sometimes I feel
An explosion will occur in my breast
Spread petals of a poem
In virtuous heart
I wait

Life and death

Scatter my roots in search of water
Touch with feelings in depth of earth
Move aside stones I precede
In deep to deeper...
This is the way to reach at source
This is the way to obtain
I have to get water
There is life, there is death.

The black soil

Soil was remain hidden in depth of earth
The black soil…
Moreover covered with trees, grasses,
Creepers and bushes
Embellished with pebbles and stones
Moreover there was God's sacred breath –
Pure air…

Covetous people destroyed woodlands
Turn up earth
As much dig the more rich soil…
… More power… great heat…
Digging and digging and digging…
They shred the graceful womb.

Then
There are only lumps of black soil
surroundings
No tree, no grass, creeper, bush, nothing
only the piteous blackish dusty air
lean on the earth.

Far away, on the lap of blue hills
There are frightened and panicky woods shiver –
When their turn will come…
Near-by an emaciated stream
Cries and flows continuously.

The street dog

Nobody told him, yet
He was sincere night watcher
in every hour his violent bark
Destroy the silence of night.
From this end to that end of the lane
was under his jurisdiction, in midnight
Entry of any unknown person here
was prohibited.
Nobody told him, yet
He was sincere night watcher.

After night duty, at the dawn
to go to an unworried sleep
at the side of street or under a balcony
Then wake up with terrible hunger at late morning
then in search of food from dustbin to dustbin
continuous rambling was to fill one corner of belly.

Yesterday midnight came some strangers
Their movement were very suspicious
He ran towards them
With loud voice tried to prevent
But with earnest caress
They threw some wonderful food
So much amount and so tasteful!

Never had he got so marvelous food in his life!
He ate silently with full satisfaction
then he went to sleep
with full stomach never he slept so deeply!

He is now in eternal sleep
Just opposite to him, in front of the door
there is assembly of polices and neighbors'
Lifeless body of the householder is on the floor
Smeared with blood.
They lift the body on stretcher...
Carry away to morgue for postmortem...
At a little distance
There is the calm body of hearty watcher
Nobody look after...

The crow

In unblemished moonlight calls a fascinated crow
Midnight
In deep sleep immersed calm-n-quite universe
The breeze that has come from river
And played on the field
It also lies on the grasses
Smear with amazing moonlight
Wakes only fascinated crow
Melody vibrates in his heart
And within his capability with gentle voice
He welcomes the moon.

Does he forget that his voice is not melodious?
In society of birds he is in low-caste
does he forget that whole world say him ugly?
Say that he is tortuous, bad voice and sly
or with his own fascination he disregards
the fear of taunts.

In the garden of sky flooded with moonlight
the Moon comes and stands over his nest.

Binding

Even with ten wings the coconut tree couldn't fly
Though the storm helped him too much
Clouds called with sonorous voice
Let's go let's go...

Earth would confine him with affection of life
There are strong binding between roots and soil
Life couldn't live if uprooted.

Illusive life

Illusion has penetrated every pore of skin
Fatigue of illusive life has impoverished
structure of existence
Yet I can't overcome
It remains…
Remains as inseparable salt in blood…

Sea of life is saturated with salt and salt…
And salt…

Myself and my shadow

In front of me there is no shadow
As I have stood keeping my face
Towards the source of light
The light, the intense light, inflame me
It wants to fire up and to destroy
My existence to ashes

Now the shadow is behind me
I want to leave it
And want to enter
In to the source of light
I know it wrapped with my feet
To go with me
Then … myself or my shadow …
None exist.

Open the dilapidated

In each step there are spots of corrupted time
how can I say that I am not strayed?

The path in front of me
Is surrounding by unfaithful air
Tell, what good news I may bring about

Keeping eyes on my eyes you told
Some invaluable wealth you shall give
But now our world
Is filled to the brim with suspicion

Open the dilapidated manuscript and read
What book of verse once I wrote
Sitting in newly bloomed forest
On the bank of immaculate stream
In Arden breeze of spring
Gratified with aroma of flowers
Bend down heart with happiness
In another birth.

Collage

Hundreds bits of tore pictures are pasted
Some are black and white
Some are colored
Some are bright
Some are fade
All may be threw away in waste paper box
Or it was done, from those
Few bits are picked and pasted

I see...
See with unwinking eyes
My life...

Joy is traceless

For a long time
you are not in my sight
Oh joy! Where are you, in which sojourn?

Life is now like diffused sunlight
of winter's oppressed daytime
for a long time I do not hear your flute

Oh joy, where are you?
In which sojourn?

Blood in darkness

Flows in darkness the stream of my blood
Continually trampling me all times:
'I am blind in darkness, please give me light'
I have tried to make him comprehend
That
Light is a will-o'-the-wisp,
But...

So I think
I shall give him salvation
And say:
Flow blood, flow, be a billowy stream, and
Go in search of desired light.

The last journey

At the time of my death
Keep my book of verse
On my breast
In this way I want to go
On my funeral pyre.

THE END

Manan Das
Born -1942
Race – Bengali
For some of his creations please visit -
https://archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22MANAN%20DAS%22

And
YouTube – Manan Das



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